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and variety of its productions, the growth of our manufactures, the mutual wants and dependencies of the different parts of our Union, together with the facilities for water communication, and our population, increasing in a ratio without a parallel in the annals of nations; the imagination can hardly set any bounds to the extent of the future commercial intercourse between these States, or the amount of shipping of all kinds, that will be required on our sea-coast, rivers and lakes.

It has been remarked of the shipping interest, that it is the ally of all other interests in the community, and the enemy of none. It is a good customer to all other branches of industry, without being the rival of any. To agriculture, commerce and manufactures, it is a common friend and benefactor.

We have omitted till now, according to a liberty not uncommon with reviewers, any mention of Mr. Pope's work on the shipping and commerce of the British empire. Mr. Pope has comprised in this volume a great mass of information, that must be very valuable to those whose occupations are at all connected with maritime commerce. We know of no work that can supply its place; and the circumstance of its having reached the fourteenth edition in a few years, is a proof of its favorable reception among the merchants and ship-owners of Great Britain. On comparing it with a former edition, we find a considerable change for the better, both in the selection of materials and their arrangement, though we think there is still no small room for improvement in both these particulars.

ART. VII.—*The Art of Preserving Beauty.*

L'Art de conserver et d'augmenter la Beauté. Par L'AMT.
12mo. Paris. 1829.

Lady Mary Wortley Montague affirms in one of her letters, written at the latter part of her life, that she had not cast her eyes upon a looking-glass for twelve years; a striking proof how disagreeable it was to her, to be reminded of the changes which time had wrought in her outward appearance. With all her wit, talent, and strong good sense, she took the matter so much to heart, that it appears to have poisoned the sources of her happiness, and was probably the real cause that induced her to leave England, where she might have lived at peace in the bosom of her family, and drag out a wretched existence,

abandoned to *ennui* and novel-reading, in one of the deserted cities of Italy. The loss of her beauty reduced her, in short, to the same condition, to which the possession of it, in connexion with her insensibility to his suit, had, at a preceding period of her life, reduced one of her early admirers, the celebrated bard of Twickenham, and which is feelingly described in the following lines, addressed by him, at the height of his passion, to his friend Gay, but afterwards suppressed, when the fair subject of them had become obnoxious to his hatred, and, under the name of Sappho, the object of his gross abuse.

'Tis true, my friend, this truth we lovers know,
In vain my walls arise, my arbors grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging gardens and of sloping greens ;
Joy dwells not here—to other seats he flies,
And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.
What are the gay parterre—the chequered shade,
The morning bower, the evening colonnade,
But soft recesses for the unhappy mind
To sigh unheard in to the passing wind ?
So the struck deer in some sequestered part
Lies down to die—the arrow in his heart—
There, placed unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.'

We have mentioned the example of Lady Mary, as a strong illustration of the extent to which the loss of beauty will sometimes affect the most powerful understanding. For this evil, there is obviously no complete remedy. Nothing can arrest the progress of time, or prevent it from ploughing the smooth cheek with wrinkles, bleaching the dark and glossy hair, quenching the radiant eye in rheums of age, and spoiling the graceful proportions of the slender figure. All this, we say, is in the long run, irremediable. But something may be done in the way of palliation, towards putting off the evil day ; and it is the charitable object of the little work before us, to lend such aid as may be given for this purpose. We must, however, express our opinion, that the merit of the execution does not fully correspond with the goodness of the intention. The work is, in fact, little more than a sort of advertising sheet, bound up in the shape of a duodecimo volume, and setting forth the pretended virtues of a variety of cosmetics. Each limb and feature of the human body is separately considered, and the art of pre-

serving its beauty is made to consist in the use of some wash, nostrum, or perhaps piece of machinery, intended to remove defects or add graces. All these specifics are decorated with the most pompous names; and if they are as efficacious as they are represented to be, the only wonder is, that every ball-room does not contain an assembly of Venuses de' Medici. Our readers may, perhaps, be amused by an account of some of these extraordinary preparations.

To instance those which are to be employed upon the hair; we are told by our author that a multitude of drugs, each more pernicious than the last preceding, have been invented by ignorance and charlatanism, for the purpose of coloring the hair, but that they have all failed completely in their object, and have had no other operation, but to make the hair fall off, and to dry up the skin. Fortunately, he has at length discovered the secret of a composition, called the *Ebony Paste*, which succeeds perfectly well with all who employ it—may be used without the aid of a hair-dresser—communicates to the hair the most beautiful tints—white, brown or black, according to the length of time during which it is kept on; and all this without scorching the skin or weakening the roots of the hair, which i., on the contrary, fortifies and fixes in their places.

It is obvious, then, that if any lady or gentleman do not possess a head of hair of the color and constitution that suit his or her fancy best, it is their own fault, and not that of the *Ebony Paste*. Beside this wonderful composition, we are also offered a variety of others, with virtues subsidiary to the same general purpose; such as the *African Water*, which gives the hair a curl more graceful and permanent than any natural one; and which is accordingly used, as we are told, by many ladies whose hair curls naturally. Then we have the *Oil of Shine*, to render the hair brilliant and glossy; and to keep it neat and clean, the *Brush of Cleanliness*, the *Convenient Disentanglers*, together with our old and really useful acquaintance, the *Fine-toothed Comb*. For removing superfluous hairs, we have the *Macedonian Hair-thinning Paste*; for making them grow where they are deficient, on young heads, the *Oil of Growth*; and on bald ones, the *Fructifying Preparation*; which, however, by way of exception, we are told, does not always succeed; for preventing them from turning white, we have the *Conservative Oil*; and for stopping their fall after a fit of illness, the *Oil of Hercules*.

The necessities of the eyes are equally well supplied. If they are in a sound state, we are to keep them so by making use of the *Conservative Fluid*; if weak, we are to strengthen them by the *Fortifying Water*; if inflamed, we are to cool them with the *Water of Refreshment*; if their sight be not clear, we must make it so by the application of the *Clarifying Water*. If their lids are diseased, we must soothe them with the *Beneficent Water*, and cleanse them with the *Essence of Purity*. Finally, if they are surrounded by a dark circle, we have only to employ the *Cream of Freshness*, which first disguises, and after a while removes this envious cloud, which occasionally throws such an ominous gloom over the face of beauty.

It is worthy of remark—*en passant*—that notwithstanding his evident fondness for the use of *waters*, our author expresses himself in no very favorable terms in regard to the most widely, and in our poor opinion (if we might venture to put it in contradiction with so great an authority) the most justly celebrated of the class,—the well known *Eau de Cologne*. ‘The water of Cologne,’ says he, ‘so much boasted,—so much puffed,—so much used,—is nothing but spirits of wine distilled over aromatic plants. The plants in themselves may be good, although there are others infinitely better than those which are employed in fabricating this liquid; but the spirits of wine destroy the texture of the skin, and should by all means be carefully avoided.’

Such of our readers as have had opportunity of testing the genuine *Farina*, (and few there are, we trust, who have not) will appreciate for themselves the correctness of this censure. We attribute it entirely to the *jalousie de métier*. We have no doubt that Monsieur L’Ami would tell us a very different story about Cologne Water, if he were the proprietor of the patent; and that he decries it simply, or principally, because he considers it the most formidable competitor with the multifarious preparations which he himself owns, or is hired to recommend to the public.

We find, in fact, at the close of the work, a reference to the perfumer’s shop of a certain M. Antoine—*Rue Filles Saint Thomas*—where all these miraculous substances are to be sold, and of which the keeper,—as we strongly suspect,—is no other than our friend L’Ami, under a new name. At all events, his establishment is here made the subject of an encomium, which is worth quoting, as a good specimen of the regular and

determined puff,—rarely used in this country excepting by, or for the benefit of, political charlatans. It includes another sarcastic hit at Cologne Water.

‘This useful establishment,’ says our author, ‘which has just been formed at Paris, was wanting in France and throughout Europe. Hardly was it known to exist, when customers crowded into it from every country.

‘M. Antoine, the director, has succeeded in procuring from all quarters, receipts for substances that have been tried, and found to be infallible in beautifying and strengthening the various parts of the human body. They can only be found in his warehouse.

‘These receipts are not to be confounded with the innumerable multitude of pretended cosmetics—oils, vinegars, creams, pomatums and powders for the skin, eyes, hair and teeth, with which the public credulity is constantly imposed upon, and which are announced by their venders with all the emphasis of charlatanism, as possessing each and all the most various, and generally, the most inconsistent virtues.

‘Every substance in nature,—every preparation of art is endowed with its own peculiar powers. There is none, that will at the same time dye white and red,—consolidate and relax,—refresh and inflame. Common sense should teach us to distrust these pretended universal cosmetics, which, *like the ridiculous Cologne Water*, are announced as useful in all imaginable cases.

‘The preparations sold by M. Antoine produce respectively some one appropriate effect; or if more than one, such as are of the same general character. He warrants them to be entirely free from mineral or acid ingredients, and to be composed of vegetable substances, foreign and domestic, of which the use can, under no circumstances, be attended with danger.

‘Any person, therefore, who may have occasion for an infallible specific, to be employed for almost any purpose, has only to address himself to M. Antoine, and it will be extraordinary, if he do not find what he wants.’

With a good deal more to the same purpose. The intelligent reader will have seen pretty clearly by this time the character of the little work before us; and will probably agree with us, that it would be superfluous to enlarge any further upon its contents. We shall, however, add a few remarks of our own upon the same general subject.

To proceed methodically, we shall first inquire what beauty is; and then, how it may be preserved. It is generally admitted, that whatever pleases the eye, is called beautiful. But why does one thing please the eye more than another? This

may appear at first a simple question ; but the learned, who are apt enough to make difficulties when they do not find them, have been much divided about it, and have not yet decided it to their own satisfaction. The more prevalent opinion among them at the present day seems to be, that the principle of beauty is intelligence, and that objects are more pleasing to the eye, in proportion as they are more or less expressive of mind. Thus Akenside, in his *Pleasures of Imagination*, not only lays down this theory, but takes a solemn oath to its truth.

‘ Mind—mind alone—bear witness, Earth and Heaven !
The proper fountains in itself contains
Of beauteous and sublime.’

Alison, in his *Essay on Taste*, and Jeffrey in his article on *Beauty*, in the *Supplement to the Edinburgh Encyclopædia*, maintain the same opinion. For ourselves, with all proper deference for these and the other great authorities that agree with them, we must confess, that we entertain doubts of its correctness. We are even inclined to question, whether, if the witnesses summoned by Akenside were actually to come into court, their evidence would bear him out in his opinions. Many of the aspects of heaven and earth are eminently beautiful. The gorgeous glories of a brilliant sunset, and the milder radiance of a clear moonlight night ; the green, flower-wrought mantle of spring, and the ermine robe of winter, are delightful, each in its own way ; but it does not appear, that we see them with pleasure because they are expressive of mind. Their effect upon us is rather the result of the natural harmony between our own constitution and the general system of the world about us. And if we come to animated nature, we are far from finding, that personal beauty corresponds exactly with the developement of *mind*. Madame de Staël, for example, was considered the most intelligent woman of her day, and by many, the greatest female writer that ever lived. But was she, therefore, regarded as particularly beautiful ? Quite the contrary. We are all aware, that she made no pretensions on this head. While the palm of wit was universally conceded to her by the competent judges in France, that of beauty was adjudged, with equal unanimity, to her friend, Madame Recamier, a lady in no way distinguished for talent. Miss Edgeworth, again, since the eclipse of her great French competitor, may be looked upon as among transatlantic female wits the lady of the

ascendant; we say it without disparagement to Mrs. Hemans, Miss Jewsbury, and others, who all have their merits, but are not, in our opinion, to be named on the same day with her. But what is her personal appearance? We are told by Lord Byron, that, although on the whole a 'well-looking' person, she is far from being decidedly beautiful. To come to the circles with which we are familiar:—Felicia is considered the prettiest woman in Boston; but does she possess the intellect of our New-England Edgeworth? Angelina looks like a fine Italian picture; but can she talk like a book, as Belinda does? We know the contrary. Of all the beauties of ancient or modern times, Helen is probably by far the most celebrated. A learned Spanish bishop, in a formal eulogium, which he passes upon this *Pest of Troy*, as Virgil rather unceremoniously calls her, declares that she possessed in perfection the thirty points that go to make up a really handsome woman; but it does not appear, that he reckoned intelligence or mind among the number.* It is evident, indeed, from her history, that discretion was not one of her shining qualities. If we pass from living beauties to their images in works of art, we shall arrive at the same conclusion. The Venus de' Medici is allowed to be the type of perfection for the female form; but all who have had the advantage of seeing this charming statue, agree, that the expression of the face is far from being particularly intellectual. Kotzebue affirms, that it is directly the reverse. Lady Mary Wortley Montague was an example of the union of great beauty with uncommon wit and talent; but this was merely an accidental coincidence. Her wit did not make her beautiful, any more than her beauty made her intelligent; but she happened to combine in her single person two qualities in themselves entirely distinct, and which are not very often found together. When they are, each, no doubt,

* Nació esta tan aventajada y enriquecida de hermosura que fue un portento, un prodigio y milagro de naturaleza, quedando desde aquel tiempo à este y aun para muchos siglos en proverbio su belleza y gallardía; de tal suerte que quando queremos ponderar y encarecer la hermosura de una mujer decimos que es una Helena; y en tal lugar la pone el Niverniense, Natal Comite, Bártolomeo Casaneo, Juan Nevizano; el que pone las treinta cosas que se requieren para que una mujer sea perfectissima en su hermosura, y dice que las tenia todas sin faltar ninguna la hermosa Helena. *Balth. de Victoria. Teatro de los Dioses de la Gentilidad*, II. 19.

increases the effect of the other. Wit and worth appear to more advantage under a handsome outside.

‘*Pulchrior in pulchro corpore virtus.*’

On the other hand, beauty is animated, and, as it were, inspired by the sparkling emanations of mind. But the two effects depend in their origin upon entirely different principles.

A more plausible argument might be sustained in support of the theory, that beauty is a mere expression of amiable moral qualities. There is something so agreeable in a smiling, good-humored physiognomy, that when we are looking at one, we are almost tempted to pronounce it handsome. But a moment’s reflection is enough to satisfy us, that this would be a great mistake. A morose expression may deform beauty, and an amiable one is an excellent substitute for it, but is still not the thing itself. This matter is placed in a proper light by Addison, in a passage of his *Cato*. Juba, a young Numidian prince, is in love with a daughter of Cato; and Syphax, one of his counsellors, is endeavoring to reason him out of his passion (a strange project for a man of so much experience,) by representing to him, that the swarthy damsels of Numidia are possessed of a higher style of beauty. Juba replies in the following terms;

‘Tis not a set of features or complexion,
The tincture of the skin, that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eyes, and palls upon his sense.’

It is here distinctly admitted, that beauty consists in the possession of some peculiar personal qualities; a set of features, a complexion, a tincture of the skin; but it is added, that all this is insufficient to secure and retain the affections, without the addition of intellectual accomplishments and moral graces, which the young African prince proceeds, with the enthusiasm of a true lover, to ascribe to his mistress, in the highest degree of perfection.

‘The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
True, she is fair—oh, how divinely fair!
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners. Cato’s soul
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks.

While winning mildness and attractive smiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Softens the rigor of her father's virtues.'

All this agrees perfectly with our views. Marcia is described as divinely fair, not because she unites all the wisdom of Cato with the winning mildness and attractive smiles peculiar to herself, (a remarkable combination, by the bye, in a young girl of eighteen or twenty, which was probably her age,) but for another reason, which has already been intimated; the character of her features and complexion. It is this which makes her beautiful; her high intellectual and moral qualities only improve her charms, and heighten their effect upon her enraptured admirer.

Burke supposes that the cause of all positive pleasure is a relaxation of the system somewhat below the natural tone, and that the sight of beauty gives us pleasure, because it has the effect of producing such a relaxation. In confirmation of this idea, he gives a description of the manner in which we are affected by it. We must fairly confess, that this theory appears to us to be too metaphysical; but we quote the passage, that our readers may have the opportunity of comparing their own *experiences* under the circumstances in question, with those of this celebrated person. 'The head reclines something on one side; the eye-lids are more closed than usual, and the eyes roll gently with an inclination towards the object; the mouth is a little opened, and the breath drawn slowly, with now and then a sigh; the whole body is composed, and the hands fall idly to the sides. All this is accompanied with an inward sense of languor. These appearances are always proportioned to the degree of beauty in the object, and of sensibility in the observer.'

The plain truth seems to be, and it is rather surprising to us, that such great geniuses as Burke, Akenside, Jeffrey and a score of others, should have overlooked it, that beauty pleases the eye, for precisely the same reason, for which music delights the ear, and a fine perfume the sense of smell. We cannot tell why we look upon the delicate blue of a clear summer sky with more delight, than upon the gloomy grey of a cloudy November morning; any more than we can tell why the soft breathings of an Æolian harp are more agreeable to the ear, than the filing of a saw. We can only say, in all these cases, that such is the fact.

This is a subject, upon which it would be easy to write volumes ; but as our present object is only to write a review, and as our readers are not fond of long articles, we must hasten to a close. We have said so much upon the principle of beauty, that we have left ourselves but little room to speak of the means of preserving it. These, however, may be summed up in a few words. With all our respect for our friend L'Ami, we apprehend, that a pleasant humor, a quiet conscience, and plenty of exercise in the open air, will be found to be the best cosmetics. The whole theory upon this point, as far as the preservation of beauty is concerned, is, in fact, very neatly expressed in the ancient adage, *Handsome is, that handsome does.*

ART. VIII.—*Memoirs of Oberlin.*

Memoirs of John Frederic Oberlin, Pastor of Waldbach, in the Ban de la Roche. Compiled from authentic Sources, chiefly in French and German. London. 1829. pp. 362. 8vo.

Steinthal, or the Ban de la Roche, is a small canton hidden in the mountains of the German boundary of France. It belonged to the province of Alsace, which was ceded to Louis XIV. in 1648, and divided into the departments of Upper and Lower Rhine. La Roche lies in the latter, within a day's journey of Strasburg. Its area contains about nine thousand acres of land, constituting two parishes ; the Rothau settlement forming one, and the hamlets of Foudai, Belmont, Waldbach, Bellefosse and Zolbach, the other. Waldbach, the central village, and the seat of the parsonage, stands on the acclivity of the Champ de Feu, a mountain which rises three thousand six hundred feet above the sea, and is supposed to be of volcanic origin. The temperature and fertility of the district greatly vary ; in the higher parts, the climate is said to be Russian, while the valleys enjoy the soft warmth of a Genevan sky. In the bleak exposures, the snow, in many years, remains from September to June. The prevalent religion is the Lutheran, the toleration of which was guarantied to the inhabitants on their union with France.

Owing to its inaccessible site—having only a foot-path leading to the German highway—the barrenness of the soil, and